Fitz. How fondly doſt thou ſpurre a forward horſe,
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breath, or liue,
I dare meet Surry in a Wilderneſſe,
And ſpit vpon him whilſt I ſay he lyes,
And lyes, and lyes: there is my bond of Fayth,
To tie thee to my ſtrong correction:
As I intend to thriue in this new world,
Aumerle is guiltie of my true appeale.
Beſides, I heare the baniſhed *Norffolke* ſay:
That thou *Aumerle* didſt ſend two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke of *Calice*.
Aum. Some honeſt Chriſtian truſt me with a gage,
That *Norfolke* lyes, heere do I throw downe this,
If he may be repeald to try his honour?
Bull. Theſe differences ſhall all reſt vnder gage,
Till *Norfolke* be repeald, repeald he ſhall be,
And Though mine enemie, reſtor'd againe
To all his Lands and Signories: when he is return'd,
Againſt *Aumerle* we will inforce his triall.
Carl. That honorable day ſhall neuer be ſeene:
Many a time hath baniſht Norfolke fought
For Ieſus Chriſt, in glorious Chriſtian field,
Streaming the Enſigne of the Chriſtian croſſe,
Againſt blacke Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens,
And toyld with workes of Warre, retir'd himſelfe
To Italy, and there at Venice gaue
His Body to a pleaſant countries earth,
And his pure ſoule vnto his Captaine Chriſt,
Vnder whoſe colours he had fought ſo long.
Bull. Why Biſhop, is *Norffolke* dead?
Carl. As ſure as I liue, my Lord.
Bull. Sweet peece conduct his ſweet ſoule to the boſome
Of good old Abraham: Lords appellants,
Your differences ſhall all reſt vnder gage,
Till we aſsigne you to your dayes of triall.

Enter Yorke,

Yorke. Great Duke of Lancaſter, I come to thee,

From

From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing ſoule
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds
To the poſſeſſion of thy royall hand:
Aſcend his Throne, deſcending now from him,
And long liue *Henrie*, fourth of that name.
Bul. In Gods name, Ile aſcend the Regall throne.
Carl. Mary God forbid.
Worſt in this Royall preſence I may ſpeake:
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeake the truth:
Would God any in this noble preſence,
Were enough noble to be vpright Iudge
Of noble *Richard*: Then true nobleneſſe would
Learne him forbearance from ſo foule a wrong.
What ſubiect can giue ſentence on his King?
And who ſits heere that is not *Richards* ſubiect?
Theeues are not iudged, but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be ſeene in them:
And ſhall the figure of Gods Maieſtie,
His Captaine, Steward, deputie, elect,
Annointed, crowned, planted many yeares,
Be iudg'd by ſubiect and inferior breath,
And he himſelfe not preſent? Oh forfend it God,
That in a Chriſtian Climate ſoules refinde,
Should ſhew ſo hainous blacke obſcene a deede.
I ſpeake to ſubiects, and a ſubiect ſpeakes,
Stird vp by God thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of *Hereford* here whom you call King,
Is a foule traitor to proud *Herefords* King,
And if you Crowne him, let me propheſie,
The blood of Engliſh ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groane for his foule act,
Peace ſhall goe ſleepe with Turkes and Infidels,
And in this ſeate of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound:
Diſorder, horror, feare and mutinie,
Shall heere inhabit, and this land be cald
The field of Golgotha and dead mens skuls.